Mme. Tetrazzini's Talks to Girls on Musical Topics

First Talk—SATURDAY, JAN. 25—Art Necessary to Produce Easy and Natural Singing.
Second Talk—MONDAY, JAN. 27—The Foundation of Singing; Breath Control.
Third Talk—TUESDAY, JAN. 28—Relaxation of the Jaw.
Fourth Talk—WEDNESDAY, Jan. 29—The Mastery of the Tongue.
Sixth Talk—TO-MORROW—The Appreciative Attitude and the Critical Attitude.

Talk No. 5.

Facial Expression and Mirror Practice.

By Mme. Tetrazzini.

MME. TETRAZZINI

IN studying a new role I am in the habit of practising in front of a mirror in order to get an idea of the effect of a facial expression and to see that it does not take away from the correct position of the mouth.

The young singer should practise constantly in front of a mirror as soon as she begins to sing songs, or to express emotions in her music. For the girl with the expressive face is likely to contort her mouth so that the correct emission of tones is impossible.

The dramatic artist depends largely for his expression on the changing lines of the mouth, the chin and the jaw, and in any lines spoken which denote command or will you will see the actor's jaw setting and becoming rigid with the rest of the facial mask.

Now, a singer can never allow the facial expression to alter the position of the jaw or mouth. Facial expression for the singer must concern itself chiefly with the eyes and forehead. But the mouth must remain the same. And the jaw must ever be relaxed whether the song is one of deep intensity or a merry scale of laughter.

The mouth in singing should always smile slightly. This slight smile at once relaxes the lips, allowing them free play for the words which they and the tongue must form, and also gives the singer a slight sensation of uplift necessary for singing. It's impossible to sing well when mentally depressed, or even slightly physically indisposed. Unless one has complete control over the entire vocal apparatus and unless one can simulate a smile one does not feel, the voice will lack some of its resonant quality, particularly in the upper notes, where the smiling position of the mouth adjusts the throat and air passages for the emission of light tones.

The lips are of the greatest aid in shaping and shading the tones. Wagner singers, for instance, who employ trumpet-like notes in certain passages, are often seen shaping their lips like the mouthpiece of the trumpet, with a somewhat square opening, the lips protruding.

However, this can only be practised after perfect relaxation of the jaw and control of the tongue have been accomplished.

A singer's mouth must always look pleasant, not only because it creates a disagreeable impression on the audience to see some of the crooked and contorted mouths, but also because natural and correct voice production requires a mouth shaped almost into a smile.

Too wide a smile often accompanies what is called the "white voice." This is a voice production where a head resonance alone is employed, without sufficient of the "appoggio" or enough of the mouth resonance to give the tone a vital quality. This white voice should be thoroughly understood, and is one of many shades of tone which a singer can use at times, just as the impressionist uses various unusual colors to produce certain atmospheric effects.

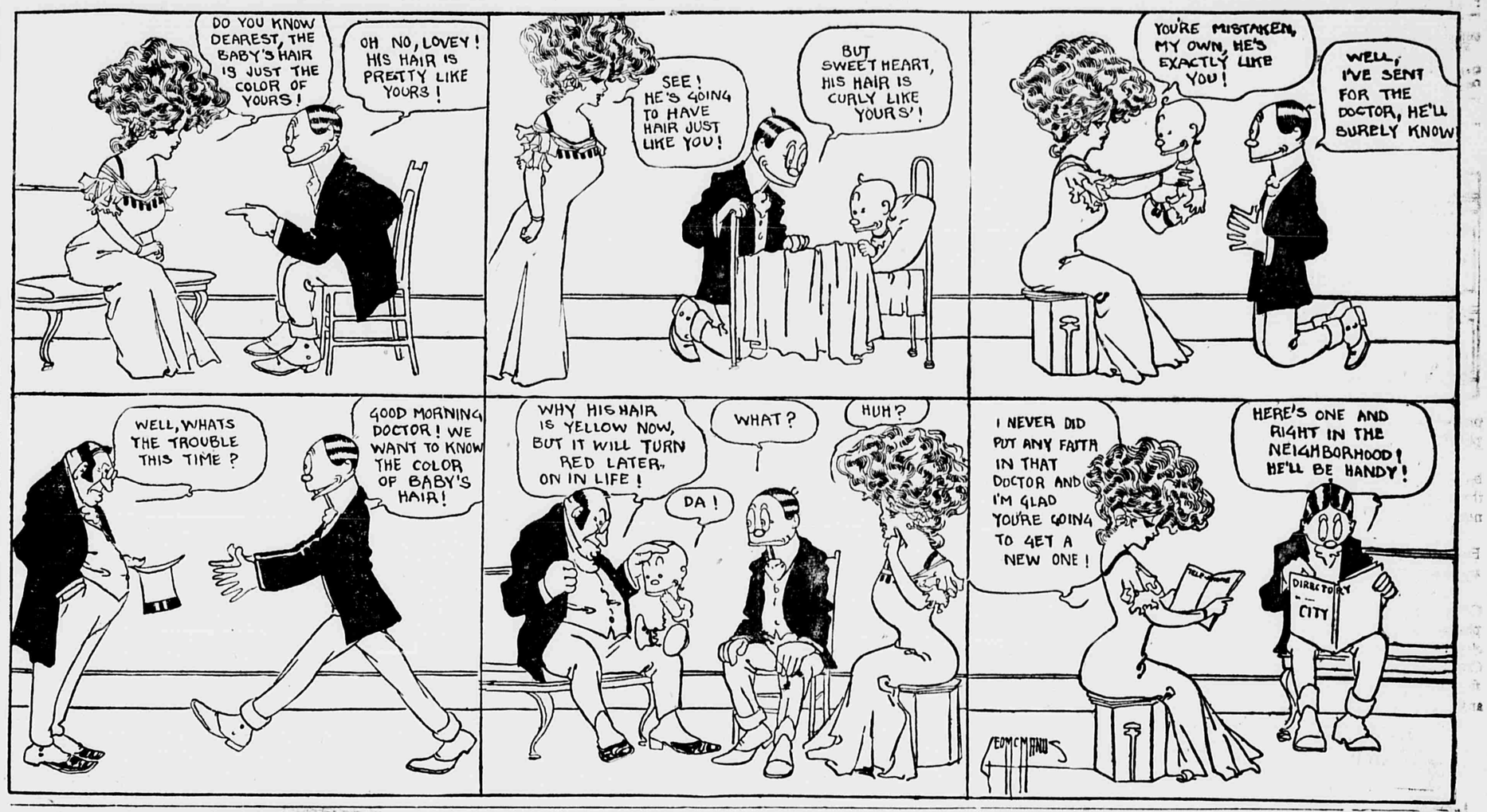
For instance, in the mad scene in "Lucia" the use of the white voice suggests the babbling of the madwoman as the same voice in the last act of "Traviata" or in the last act of "Boheme" suggests utter physical exhaustion and the approach of death.

An entire voice production on these colorless lines, however, would always lack brilliancy and the vitality which inspires enthusiasm.

One of the compensations for the white voice singer is the fact that she usually possesses a perfect diction. The voice itself is thrust into the head cavities and not allowed to vibrate in the face and mouth, and gives ample room for the formation of vowels and consonants, and the singer with this voice production usually concentrates her attention entirely on diction.

The cure for this tone emission is first of all the cultivation of the breath prop. Then attacking the vowel sound GO in the medium voice, which requires a low position of the larynx, and exercises on the ascending scale until the higher white notes have been brought down, as it were, and given some of the body and support of the lower notes, without losing the head quality.

The Newlyweds & Their Baby — By George McManus



The New East Lynne. — By Clara Morris.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Philip Keith, a clever, selfish young New York doctor, married Daphne Cuyler, a noted beauty. Other members of the household are Philip's grandfather, eccentric old Prof. Keith, and his ward, Olive Marr. Olive secretly loves Philip. Daphne guesses this, and also knows that other women are trying to carry on love affairs with Philip. This knowledge makes Daphne miserable, as does the fact that Philip now seems to take her beauty for granted and to seek her society less than of old. Stanley Belden, a dissipate multi-millionaire, loves Daphne, but since her marriage has kept away from her. Daphne and Philip have two children—a three-year-old daughter, Daphne-May, and a baby son. Belden returns and invites Daphne for a drive behind his four-in-hand. She asks Philip to take her driving instead, but he refuses on the ground of being too busy. Olive suggests spending the afternoon playing with the children.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

Belden Returns.

"OH, will it be Rob'son Crusoe?" inquired the child. "Please say yes. Greatdad has got a big round run by his bed that'll make a lovely island, and if you don't want to play Man Friday, baby bruffer will do, 'cause he can't talk, anyway. And—and Scissors can be the parrot, and Tummy"——

"No, Miss May," interrupted Lena, who had come for the children, "you must not have Tummy in the game, if baby is in it. The nasty tempered beast don't seem to like little Mr. Keith."

"Never mind, dear," comforted Olive, seeing and understanding the disappointment of Daphne-May. "I'll play the goat myself, and do it a lot better than Tummy would. Can I help you, Cousin Daphne, when you dress? Won't you carry my lace parasol?—it's real lace, you know. It was mamma's."

"Thank you, no, Olive. It might get a fall or an injury of some sort, and we would never forgive ourselves—one for the lending, the other for the borrowing."

Prompt to the moment the four-in-hand, with rattle and roll and prance, was brought up sharply before the old house in the square. Mr. Belden had come for Daphne first, that he might have a few precious moments alone with her before he picked up his aunt and Willie Wyatt for the drive. With the men standing at the leaders' heads, he descended, and carrying some white-papered parcels, mounted the old stone steps and rang the bell.

As Page bowed him into the drawing-room Mrs. Keith descended the stairs. Belden's eyes swept over her costume with swift approbation. He had a trained and perfect taste for costuming, for all the chiffons, fripperies and jewels beloved of women; and no one was more contemptuous than he of that fallacious old assertion, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most." And no one knew better than he what aids rich backgrounds and delicate accessories are to great natural charms.

An Interloper.

His swift appraising eyes estimated the cost of her entire outfit as less than a rare-handled sunshade of one of the women of his own set, and yet the effect as a whole on this imperially, lovely woman satisfied even his exacting taste and flattered his pride.

As he held her two gloved hands a delicious moment he caught his lip beneath sharp teeth to check the quiver he knew was there, then turned and opened one box, taking out a lovely knot of yellow roses.

Pleasure began to send glints of light into her black-lashed, sapphire eyes.

"Oh!" she smiled, "how did you chance to choose yellow roses?"

"As you suggest—by mere chance, of course," he answered with gentle satire.

Then, waving his hand at the prevailing colors of the room and touching a fold of her yellow gown, he added:

"When a lady shows her preference for a color no more plainly than this it would indeed be surprising that a friend should observe that preference and act upon it. Mistress Keith, you look like a pale pink flower in a field of ripe wheat." He drew a couple of crystal-headed pins from the flower-box and offered them for her use, watching her arch her haughty throat after the manner of a proud young horse, in her effort to place properly the flowers without the aid of a glass.

Swathed in soft corn color, the draped bodice of her favor gave to all her gracious curves a suggestion of the statuesque. There were touches of pink in the crushed-rose crown of her picture hat, a lining of soft coral pink in the fluffy sunshade of corn-colored net and a long handle of pale coral—that if only an imitation was at least perfect in tint—and all color received that final chic accent of black, beloved by the French, in a few pert knots of velvet ribbon.

Belden's Longing.

He was suddenly aware that the sight of that imitation coral handle hurt him, as the sight of a child without shoes might hurt another with a more tender heart. He looked curiously at the lovely creature before him, wondered what a life of refined pleasure would mean to her. A swift, passionate longing came upon him to lift her high in the public eye; to surround her with all the princely accessories that wealth and art and adoring love could command. He thought of her midnight triumphal passage through foreign opera-houses; saw her at fetes champetres in palace gardens, proving beneath the white light of open day her claim to a world-moving beauty. He longed to give—to serve! And suddenly realized, with amazement, that in all this imagining there had actually been no thought of self—and he reddened at the discovery.

Daphne had opened the other package and found it contained a box of bonbons for Miss Marr, and a small one, gay with tiny ribbon-tied china dolls, for Daphne-May. She shook her head, and he started up, alert again, to say:

"Only pure rock candy and a few marrons glaces for the little one. Nothing colored, I assure you. Please let her have them."

She summoned Page and sent the boxes to Miss Marr and Miss Daphne-May, with Mr. Belden's compliments. Then, turning to him, and noticing a slight abstraction, as she picked up her sunshade, she lightly asked:

A Day Dream.

"Were you then sleeping with your eyes open?"

"Pardon me," he answered, "not sleeping; but, well, dreaming with my eyes open. You indulge in the habit, perhaps?"

"No!" she said, sharply. "I dream no more—I have lost the power!" She swept to the door, catching up her dust cloak in passing through the hall.

As Belden gathered up and drew the lines over the backs of his powerful black wheelers and mannerly bright bay leaders, he remarked: "We are a trifle late for our intended run over the Long Island roads, so we must content ourselves with a little jog through the park and out to Claremont, and if you have a Christianlike desire to be very good and kind you will make the tea for me out on the plazza overlooking the Hudson?"

She smiled doubtfully. "Your other guests may not share your yearning for tea."

"On the contrary, wild horses could not hold Mr. Wyatt back from your brew, and Aunt Dunham, who thinks imitation the sincerest flattery, would joyfully repeat my order were it for sage or sassafras. So, Mistress Keith, you will head my table for once at least."

There was a tone of triumph in his voice, and she raised proud eyes to his face, half expecting to find the expression she had so often seen there in the first months after his return from Europe—an expression partly sensual, partly sinister, that had the power to half attract her, even while it repelled; but there was only admiring courtesy in his sloe-dark eyes.

"Something to Plan For!"

At the moment of checking the rhythmic beat of sixteen iron-shod hoofs before his own great house, where Mrs. Dunham and Mr. Wyatt awaited him, he looked down upon the proud beauty of the woman at his side and thought with what gracious dignity she could reign in a home like that. And a swift desire came to him to see the woman for whom his longing was intensified by the knowledge that she was the last passion of his life—to see her moving through the great rooms of his splendid home. To see the white hands touching the yellowish keys of the noble old grand piano, looked down upon by the life-size portrait of his mother, with the fixed smile upon her lips, that was so flatly contradicted by the infinite sadness of her eyes. A new desire was a thing to welcome. "By Jove, it would give be something to plan for!"

(To Be Continued.)

THE NEW PLAYS

"A Waltz Dream" Is Both Pleasant and Restful.

WHILE "A Waltz Dream" will never catch "The Merry Widow" napping, it is as pleasant as the kind you wish the spare-room guest when hot water bottles yawn and banks give up the ghost.

This new Viennese operetta has been coaxed to the Broadway Theatre by the Inter-State Amusement Company, the president of which, Mr. Frank McKee, is said to be passionately fond of Vienna rolls. Coming as it does on the heels of "The Merry Widow," it is bound to be compared with Franz Lehar's prize piece, and to suffer more or less by the process. (There, that's over with!)

Now for Oscar Straus. His music sounds like the waltz-family name, especially the waltz that ends in the shattered dream of Franzi Steingruber, who plays first violin in the Viennese Ladies' Orchestra and second fiddle to Princess Helene when it comes to getting a tenor-husband for a partner. That waltz means more work for the whistlers and the orchestrated food places of the town, and until the more or less difficult job is finished the "Merry Widow" waltz will probably be given a much-needed rest.

There is a great deal of other music that will not be whistled, but you listen to it with your ears giving thanks and the G-string of your soul saying "More!" The really nice thing about "A Waltz Dream" is that it doesn't disturb your rest, and that it grows steadily better. It soothes you into almost a snooze, and leaves you so refreshed in the end that you go forth to battle in the subway with renewed vigor.

And you take home with you a neat little package of domestic humor. You see, it's like this: Charlie Bigelow, with eight new chairs painted on the place where he sometimes forgets his lines, is a hard-up old relic of royalty who is bound to keep on owing everybody money unless he gets a grandson whom the proud populace will support. So he marries his daughter to a poor but unwilling officer who doesn't seem a bit interested in the programme. This is where the plot is given the domestic finish—to laundry our language, as it were.

Father-in-law tells son-in-law that he has been learning nursery rhymes and buying toys, to be delivered a year from date, but the sad young husband gives him no hope—only the laugh. And then he goes away and a gray-haired contralto comes in to inquire:

"Nothing has happened?"

"No," sighs the bald head of the family. "And nothing is going to happen."

Viennese? Very. And there's more of it when the ambitious father-in-law goes on a still hunt for the young husband who, lured by a waltz, has run off to a beer garden on his wedding night, there to make love to Fiddling Franzi, of the Perfect Ladies' Orchestra. A round lady who exercises on the bass drum, and who hastens to say that her appetite is her birthmark, drags the flirtatious old chap off to supper.

"Are you fond of grandchildren?" he asks.

"Not yet, she says.

Miss Josie Sadler is a "big hit" as the bass drummer. She looks as though she had been born in a brewery, and her German dialect is better than bear. This time she wears her own face—a face that is worth its weight in smiles. Her name, Fifi, is an extra smile, but there's nothing small about the part as she plays it.

Miss Sophie Brandt is decidedly vigorous, both physically and vocally, as the leader of the orchestra that plays the waltz which lures the young husband from the princess, and when she and the prince consort flavor "Love's Roundelay" with a kiss, the orchestra leader down in front has such a long rest that he can smooth his hair, arrange his cuffs, and recall his entire past before he is needed on the job again. The sweet silence lasts for at least three minutes by your mental watch, and when it is finally over Miss Brandt reels back as though the kiss were awfully "weakening."

But her strength returns when the princess waltzes off with her husband. She hustles down from the bandstand, whacks him across the back with her fiddle, and tears him away from his life partner with the command, "Waltz with me!" Around and around they go, but poor Franzi, now that she knows "all," doesn't last long, and finally collapses on the steps.

She's really a nice girl, though, for in the last act she teaches the princess to sing the waltz song, so that she may keep her husband at home. Then Franzi plays herself out on her violin, never to be kissed again by her lost Niki. The violin sobs as though its heart were broken, Franzi's head falls upon its neck, her "Waltz Dream" is o'er—and you weep into your hat.

Miss Brandt sings some of her music, but shouts most of it. Mr. Edward Johnson, as Niki, sings very well and acts very badly. He has a young tenor voice with a promising future, and it comes out finely in "I Love and the World Is Mine." What he needs most of all is "stage presence." He seems terribly "green."

Mr. Bigelow is—well, about as usual, even to his "cat specialty," which ought to be knocked off the fence before it disturbs another night. Mr. Joseph W. Herbert, who turned the book and lyrics into English, applies his epileptic humor to a "character part" with amusing effect, and Miss Magda Dahl sings the music at the princess less stiffly than she acts the role.

But in spite of some drawbacks in the cast, "A Waltz Dream" runs smoothly, and it deserves to continue at the Broadway until they take down the storm doors.

CHARLES DARNTON.

A New and Jolly Cut-Out.

DIRECTIONS: Cut out all the objects and arrange them upon a piece of white paper (6 by 8 inches in size) into a funny subject or picture; then paste them down. Now take your pencils and draw in your picture whatever you like, such as sidewalks, fields, houses or shops. When the picture is finished give it a good title and mail it to "Children's Editor, Evening World, P. O. box 1,354 New York City." A slight hint for a subject:

Let us suppose there has been a grand, old-fashioned snowstorm, just such a one as visited New York City last Friday. The boys and girls have gotten out their sleighs and are having a fine time. The little dog enjoys the sport as well as the children. I wonder what he is barking at?

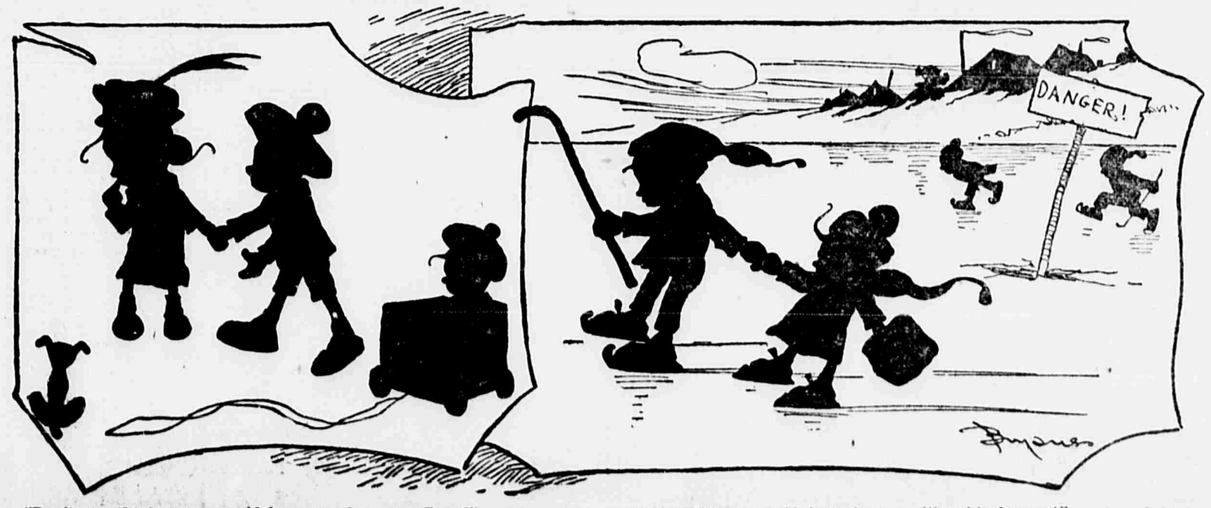
Facts in Few Words.

IN London there is one clergyman to every 2,600 persons.

Saddles were first used by men equestrians in France in the year 600 A. D.

A disappearing paper has now been devised for lovers' correspondence. It is steamed in anhydrite acid, and after a certain time it crumbles into dust.

Childhood's Happy Days. — By J. K. Bryans.



"Don't yer think youse could learn ter love me, Rose?"

"I don't know, Harold. You see, it's so awfully hard for me to learn anything!"

"Oh, Willie, I could just skate on like this forever!"

"Naw, yer couldn't. Genevieve! De ice will all be melted in about a week!"

Such Neighborly Neighbors.

FOR a number of years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and Perkinses, next door neighbors. The trouble had originated through the depredations of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamt of "making up." One day, however, Brown sent his servant next door with a peace-making note for Mr. Perkins, which read:

"Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Perkins, and begs to say that his old cat died this morning."

Perkins's written reply was bitter:

"Mr. Perkins is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. [illegible] was ill."—Harper's Weekly.